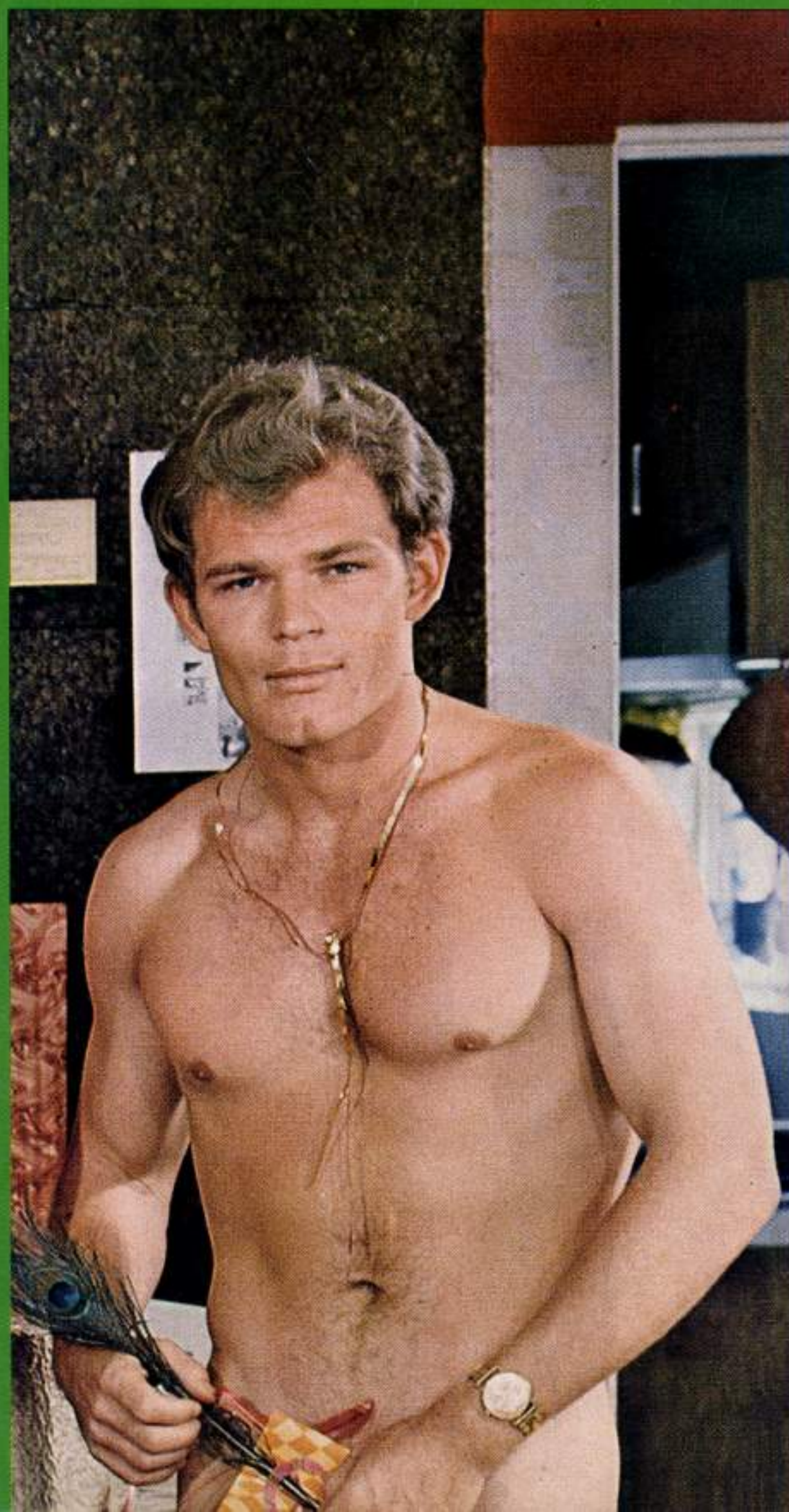


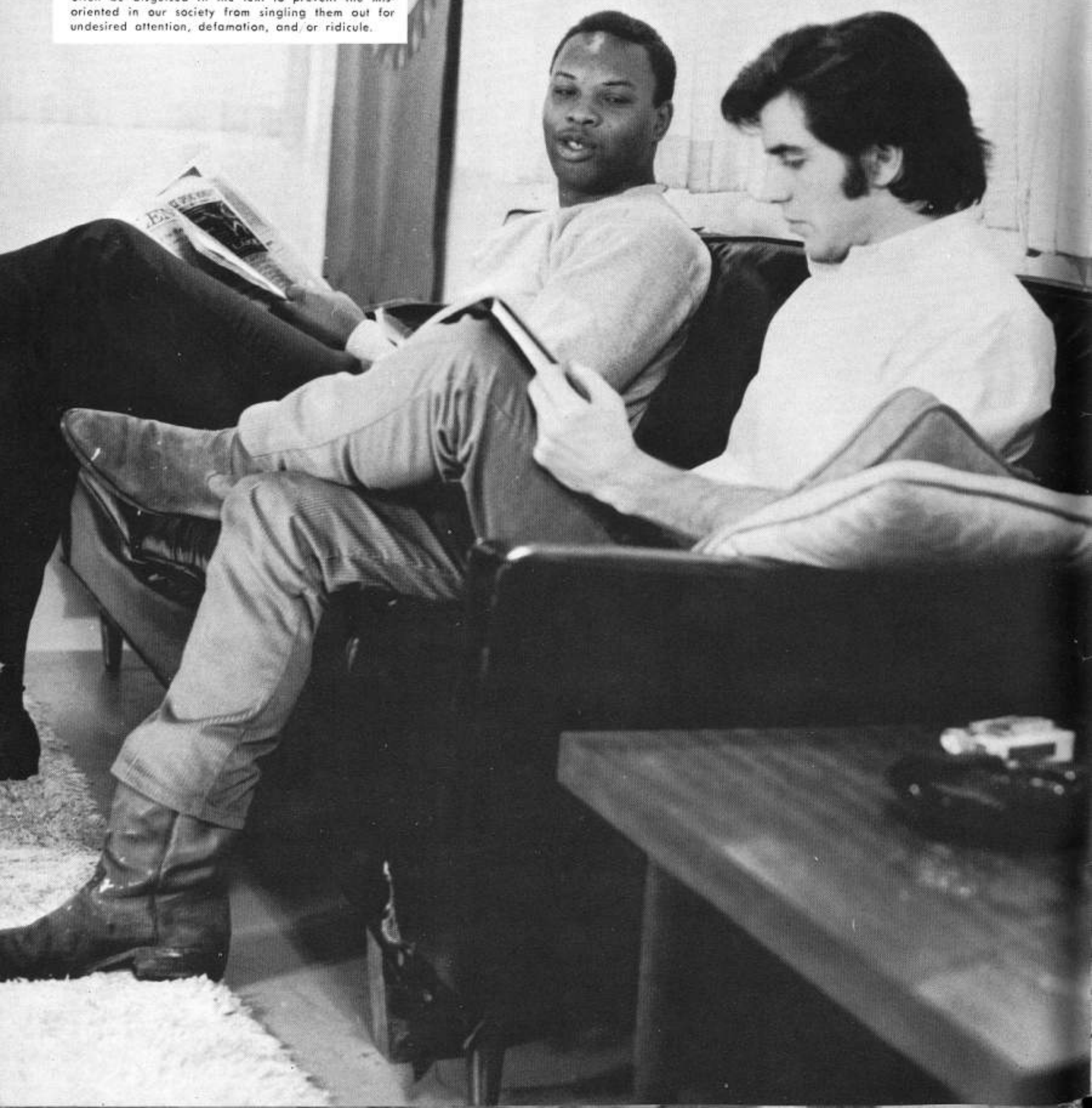
NAKED MALE|2

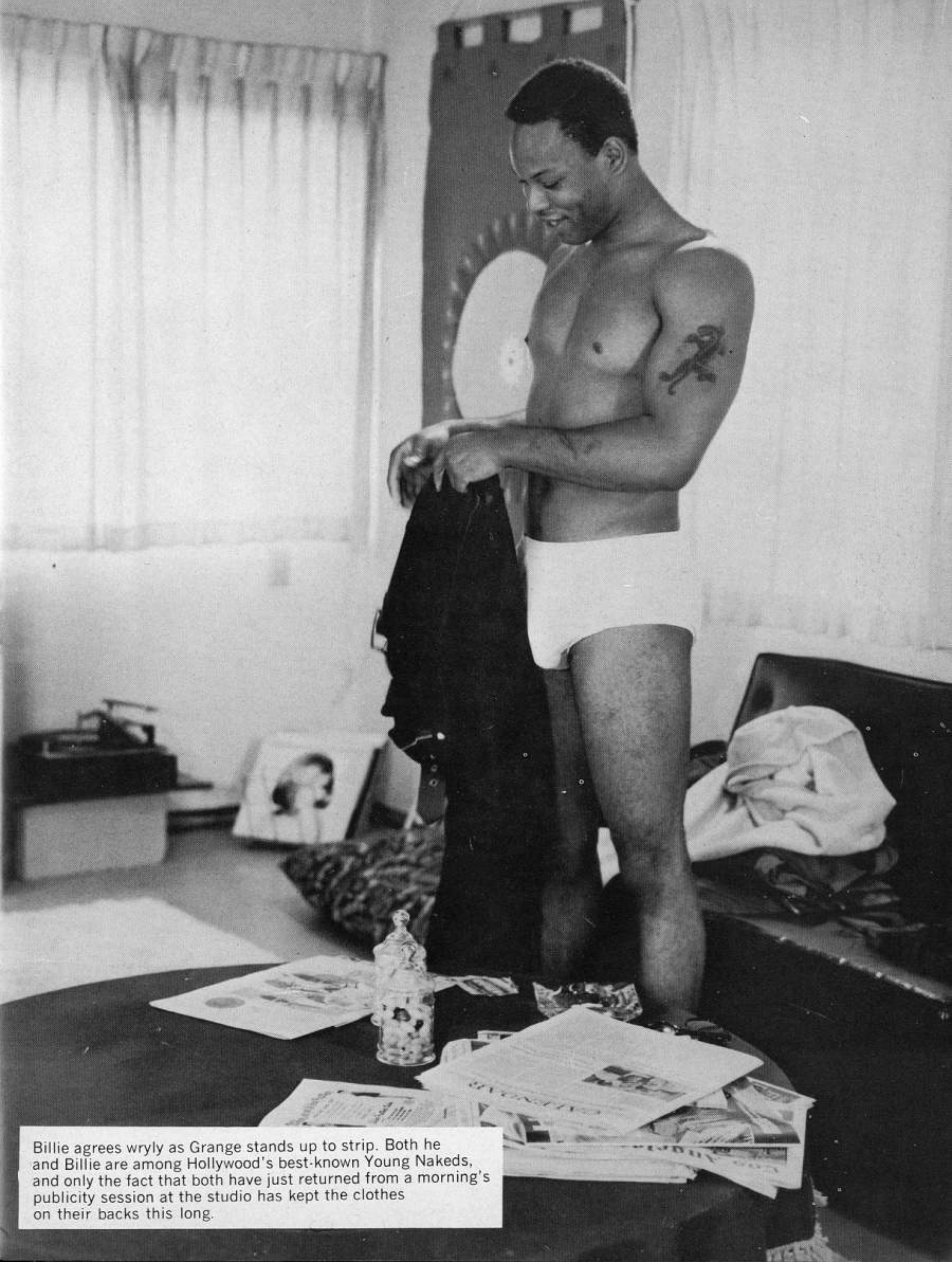


ADULTS ONLY

NAKED MALE No. 2. June-July, 1968. Published bi-monthly and copyright 1968 by Phenix Publishers, Ltd., 3511, Camino Del Rio South, San Diego, California 92120, this is an educational publication of cultural and sociological commentary and documentation, dedicated to the belief that the practice of physical nudity, in private or in the company of others sharing or sympathetic to this belief, whether for relaxation, exercise, or other ends of good health, or for dramatic or documentary demonstration of nudist principles and ideals within the artistic framework of print and film, is a vital and necessary adjunct to life if full personal and community health of body and mind is to be achieved. NB: Needless to say, names of individuals and locations used in the photographic portions of this periodical may often be disguised in the text to prevent the mis-oriented in our society from singling them out for undesired attention, defamation, and/or ridicule.

"We're getting soft, man," Grange Carter remarks to his fellow-renter Billie Stevens one morning in their Hollywood pad. "We used to work-out all the time, until we got sustaining parts in that TV series that hit it so big last month . . ."





Billie agrees wryly as Grange stands up to strip. Both he and Billie are among Hollywood's best-known Young Nakeds, and only the fact that both have just returned from a morning's publicity session at the studio has kept the clothes on their backs this long.





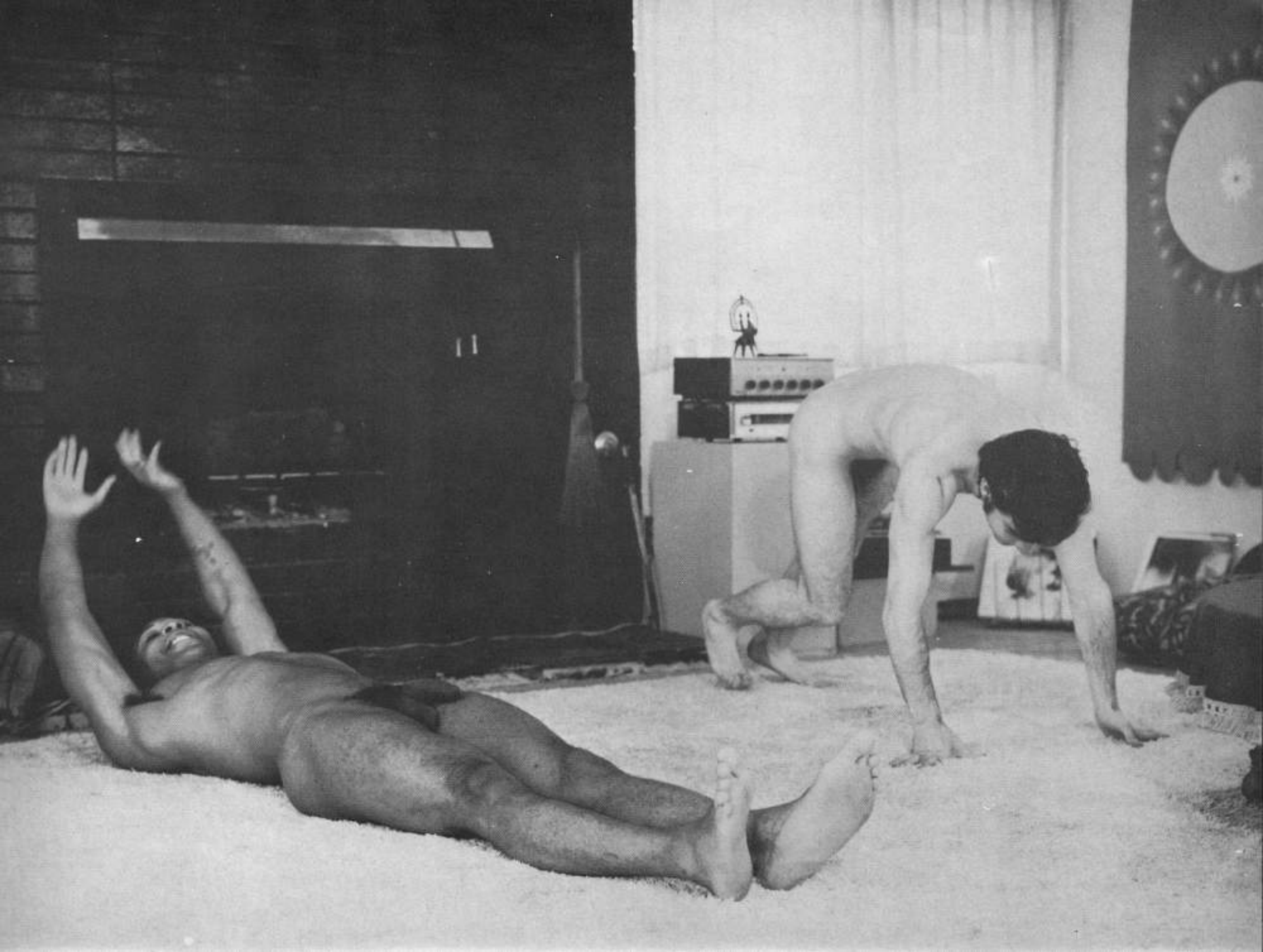


"So — let's get back in practice. O.K.?" Grange slips out of his remaining garments and drops back on the couch beside the equally naked Billie to check out a set of new exercises in a picture magazine.

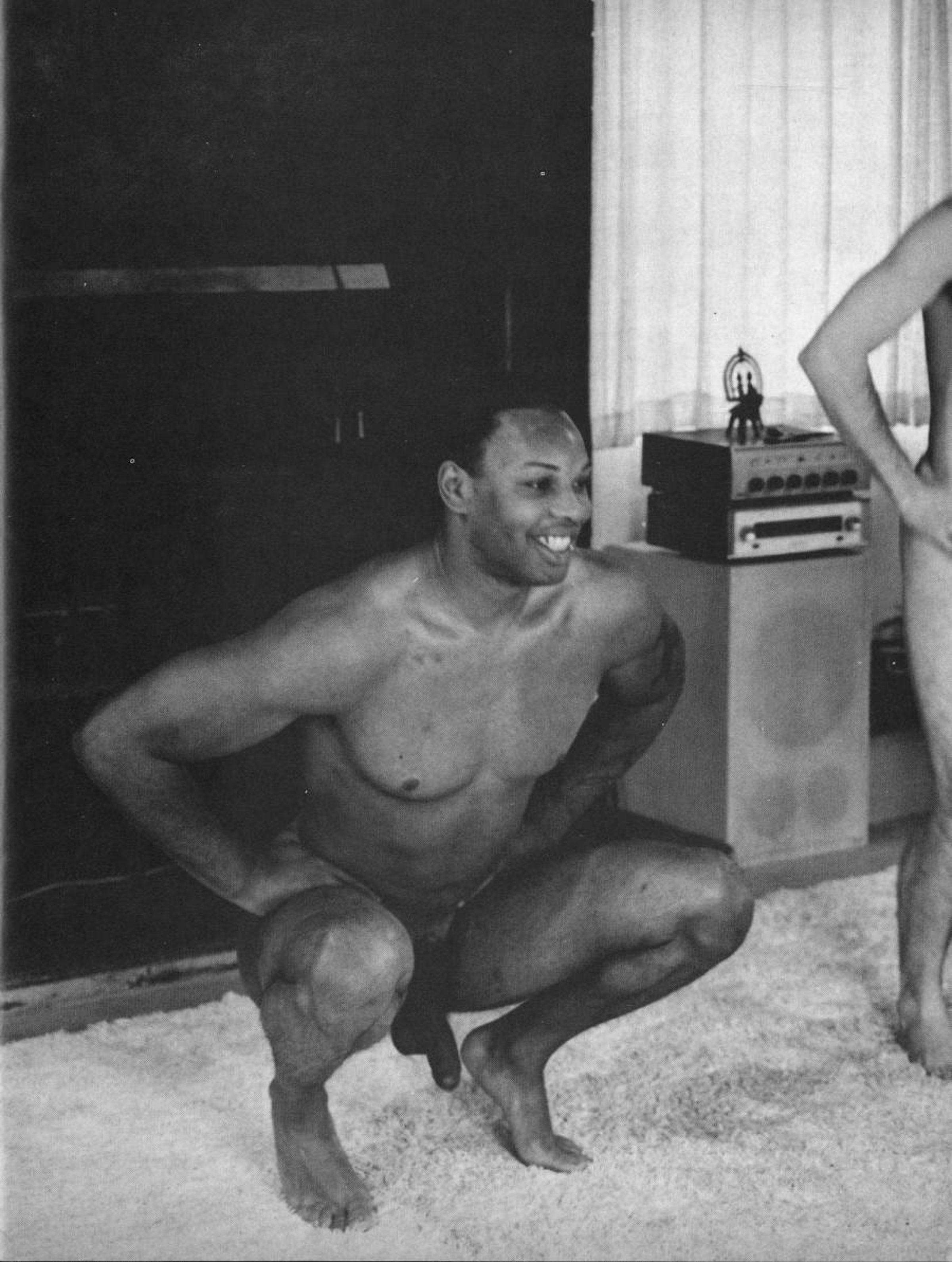




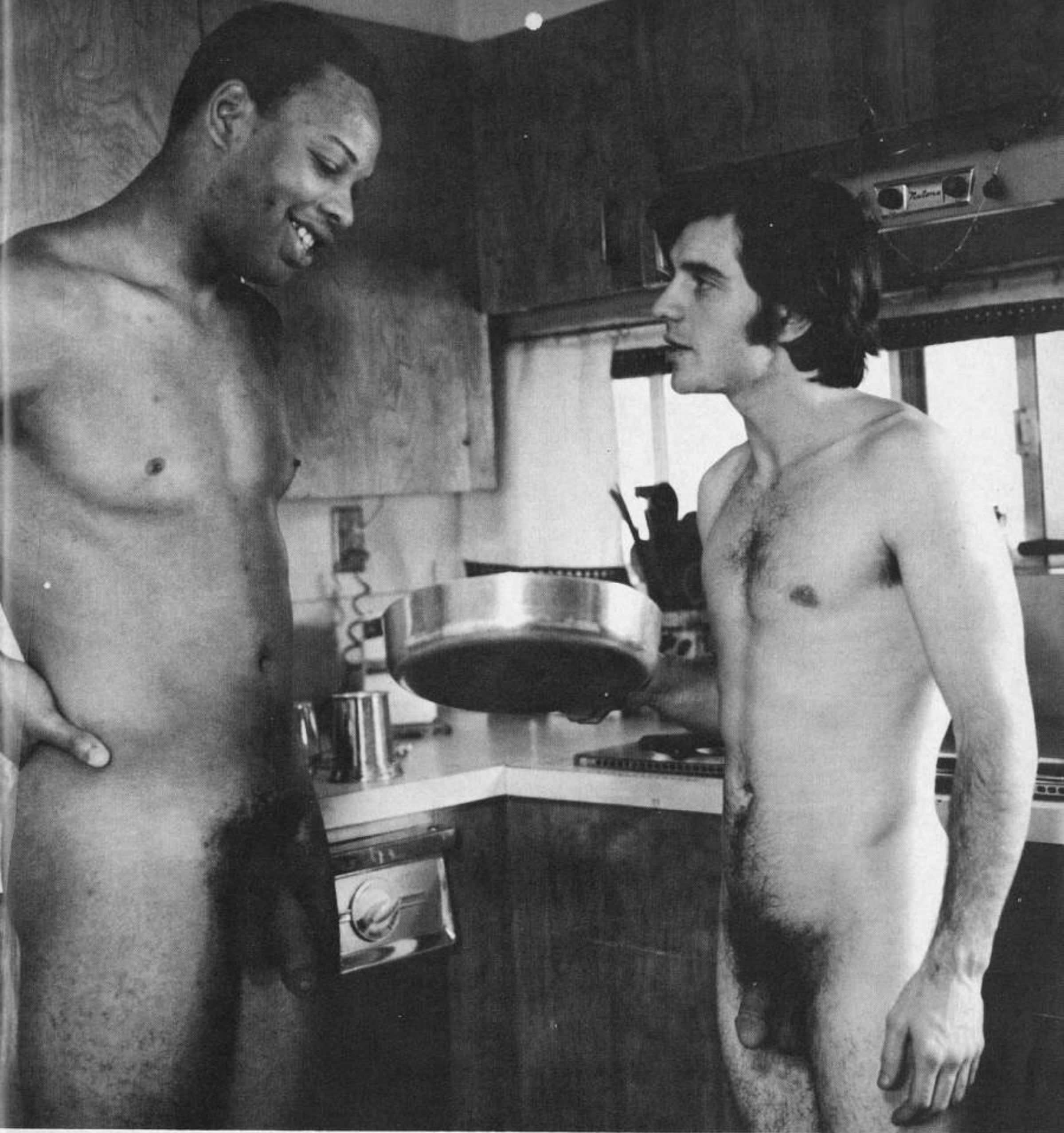
After agreeing on a workout based on some of these exercises, Grange and Billie proceed to make use of the fine sets of muscles regular outdoor and indoor exercise has given them . . .











Hungry as two colts after their gruelling workout in the living room, Grange and Billie raid their icebox with a hearty appetite. Two heads of lettuce, half a dozen tomatoes, a box of fig newtons, all topped off with a skillet full of fried eggs and bacon, replenish their exhilaratingly tired bodies. Grange washes up after a flipped coin decides the vital issue . . .

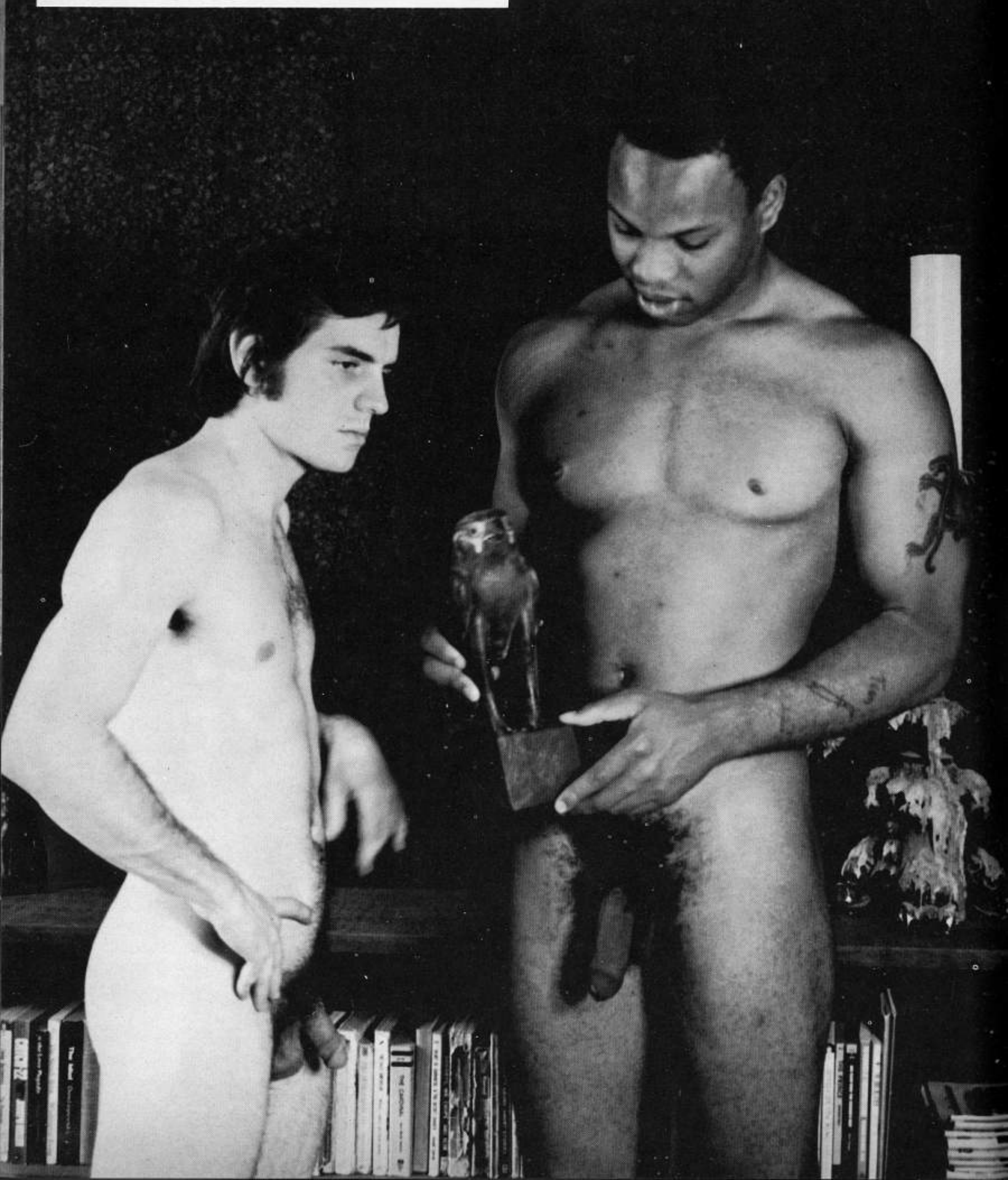








Afterwards, Grange and Billie look at some of the health and naturist trophies both have won. "Been a long time since we've had a really all-out hike in the sun," Grange muses. "Why don't we round up Jim and Custer for an all-day climb in the Santa Susannas?"





Grooving immediately to the idea, Billie called Jim Bledsoe and Custer Franks in their adjacent pad, and the two pairs of Young Nakeds met each other at a pre-arranged spot on the lower slopes of the rugged Santa Susanna mountains back of Los Angeles just after dawn. Despite the lingering chill in the air, the four young men strip at once, anticipating the hike and warmth to come from the summer sun.







They discuss alternate routes through the rocky hills — arguing which is the most difficult and consequently best for their physical needs.





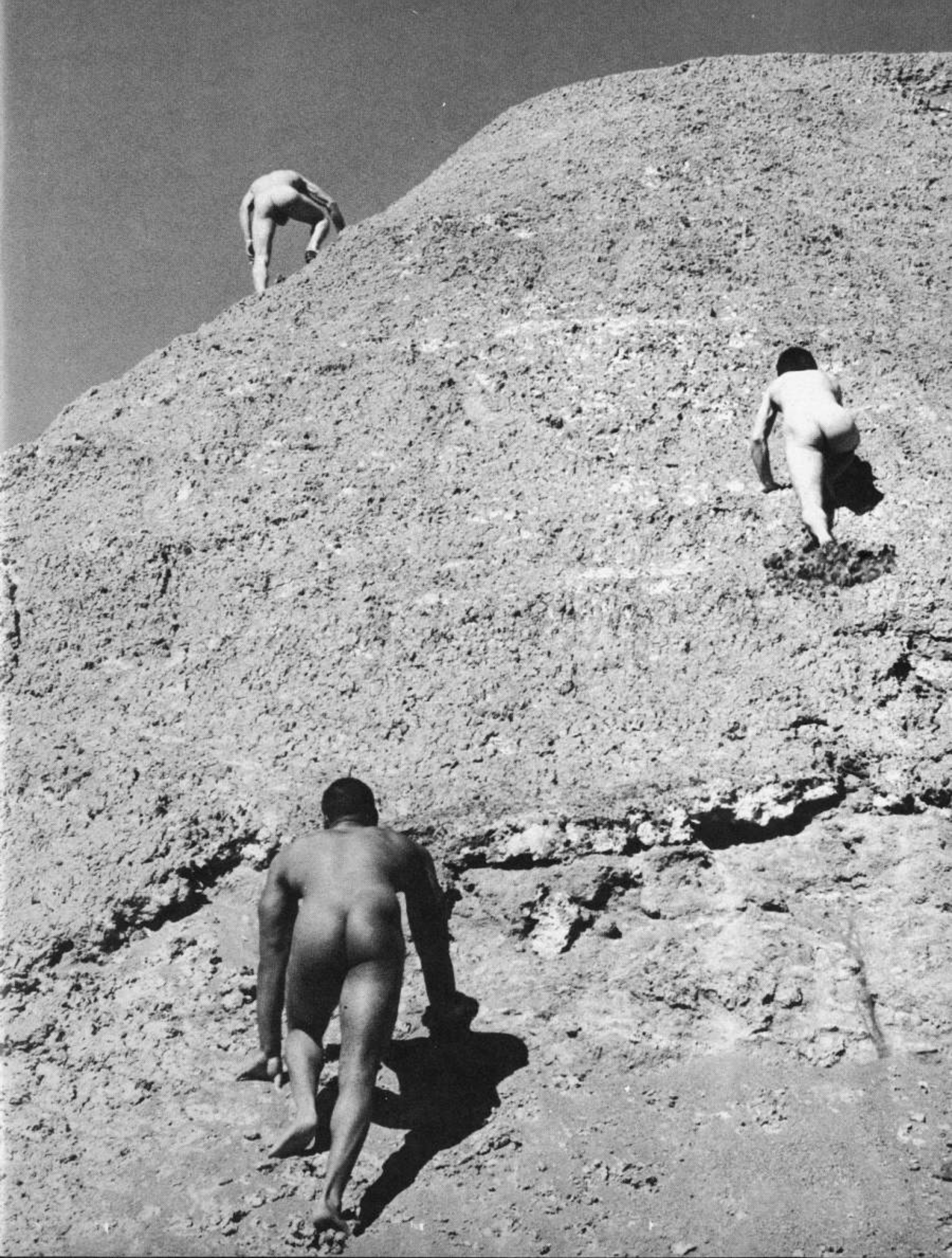


Agreeing on a route, they set out eagerly, their young muscles delighting in the all-out use they have been denied too long in the cramped confines of Hollywood pads . . .





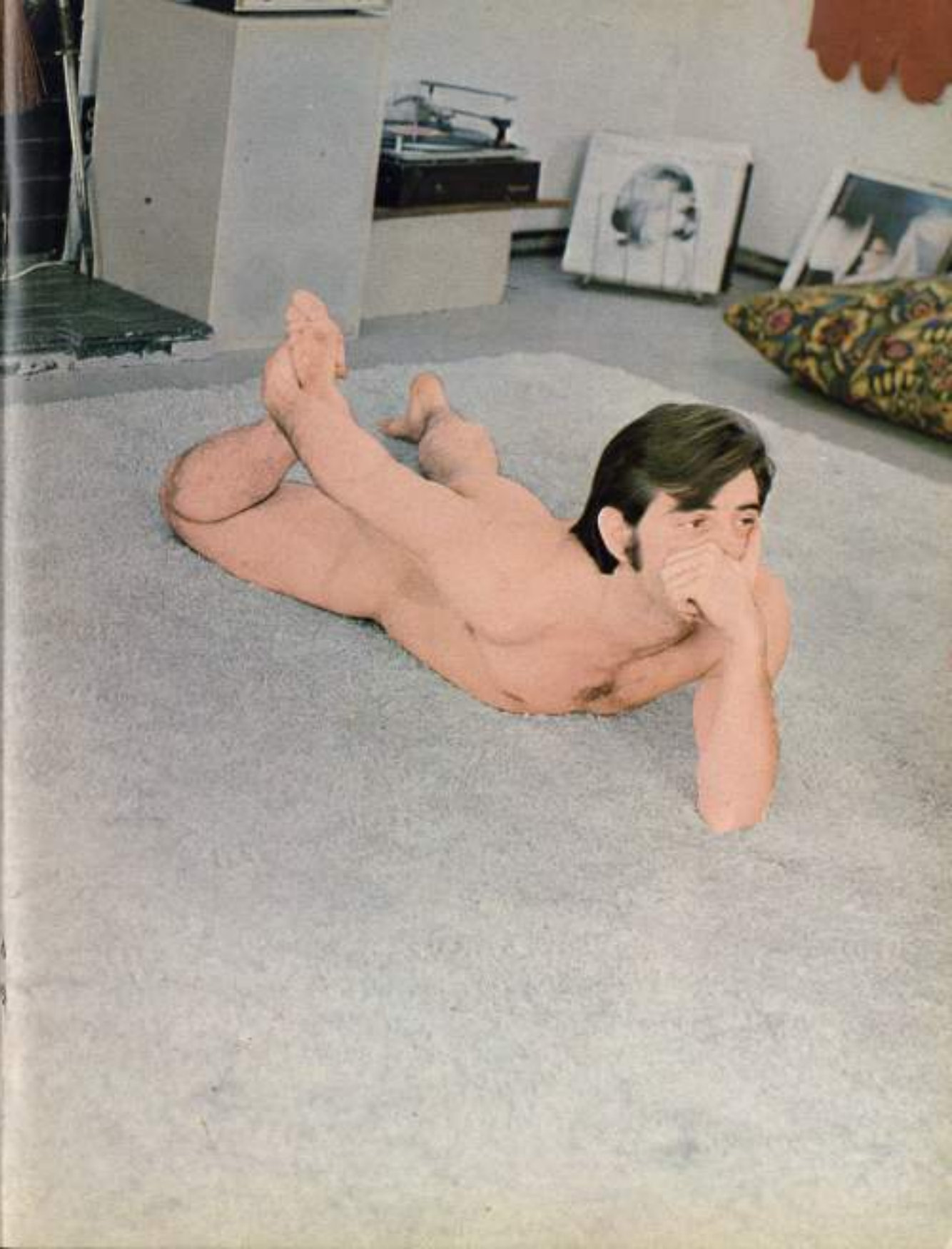


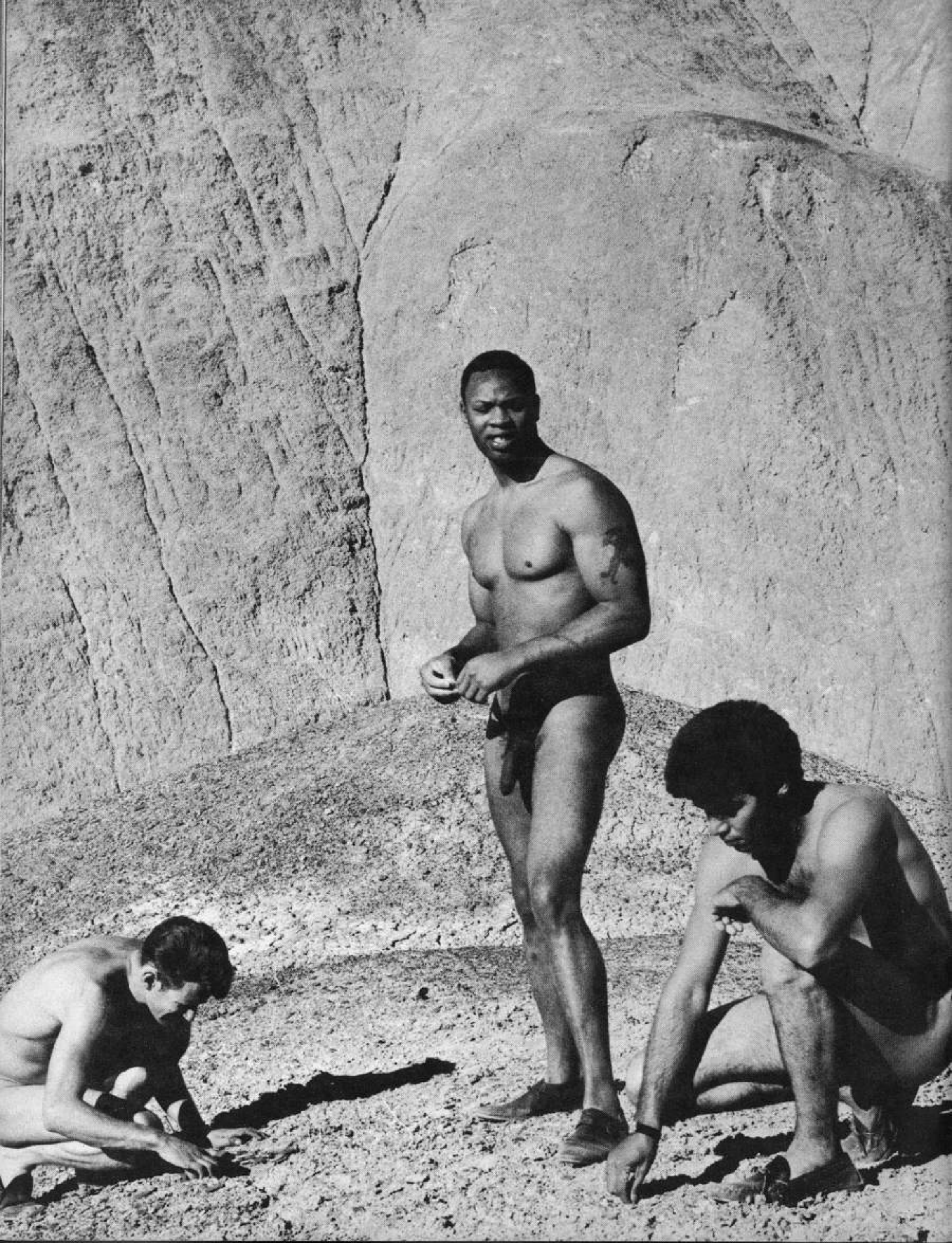




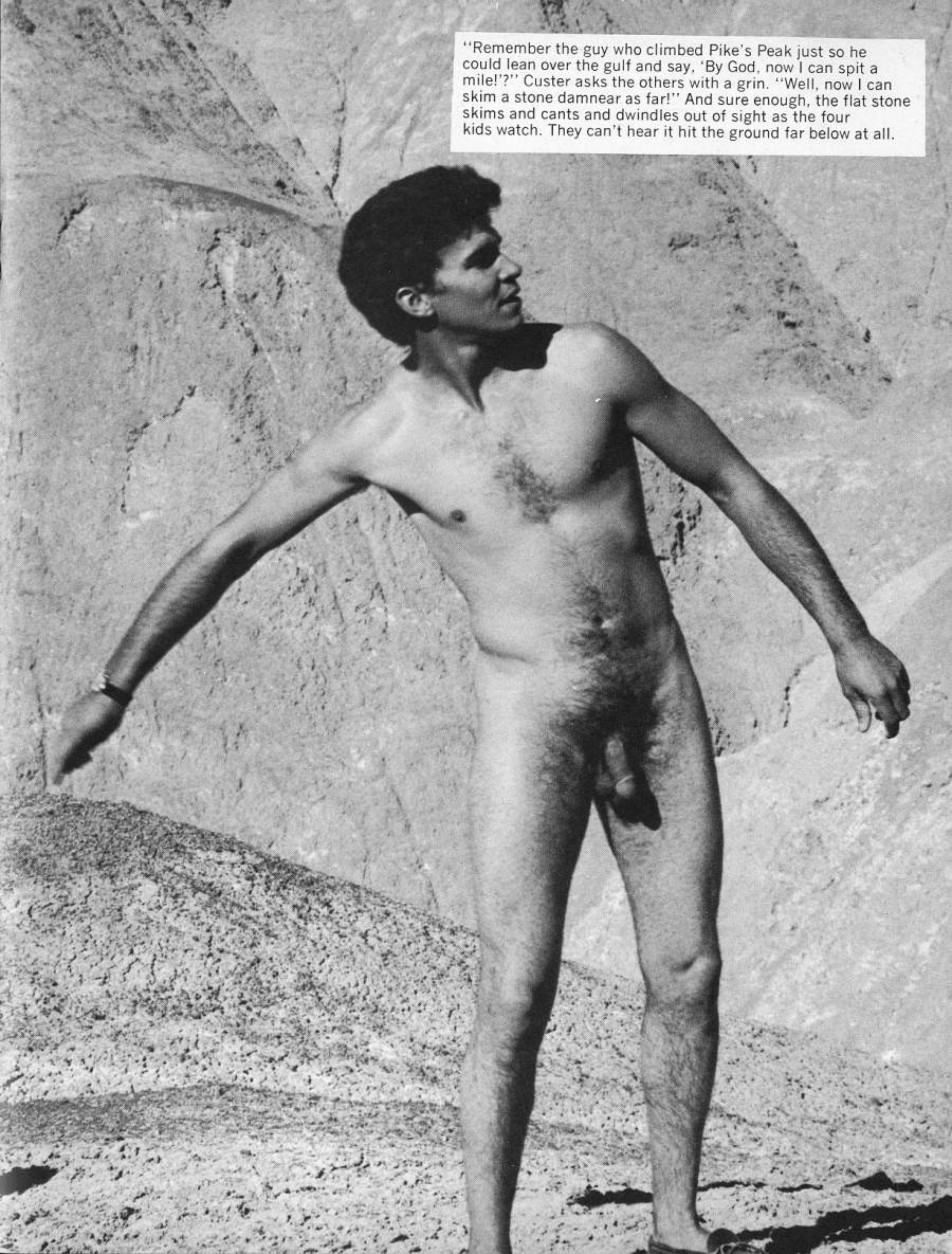








"Remember the guy who climbed Pike's Peak just so he could lean over the gulf and say, 'By God, now I can spit a mile!'" Custer asks the others with a grin. "Well, now I can skim a stone damnear as far!" And sure enough, the flat stone skims and cants and dwindles out of sight as the four kids watch. They can't hear it hit the ground far below at all.

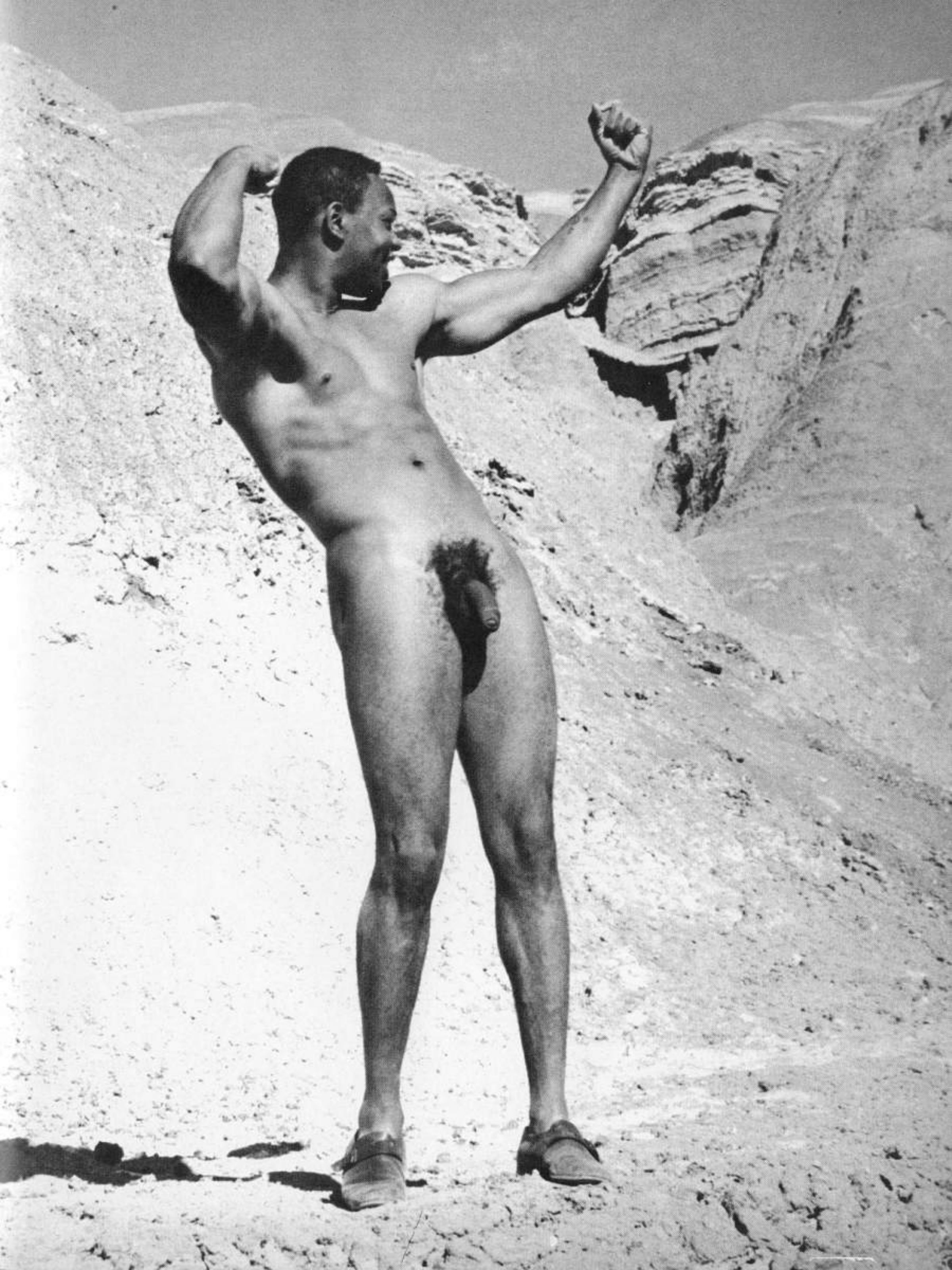








"We ought to have better sense than to smoke, the air up here is so great!" Jim says — but he and Custer light up anyway. They both deplore the habit, acknowledging fully its physical dangers, and find some consolation in the fact they've both cut back to half a pack a day.





On a high, flat peak, in the full radiance of the cloudless summer sky, the four Young Nakeds enter into a set of body-building gymnastics they have long practiced together . . .



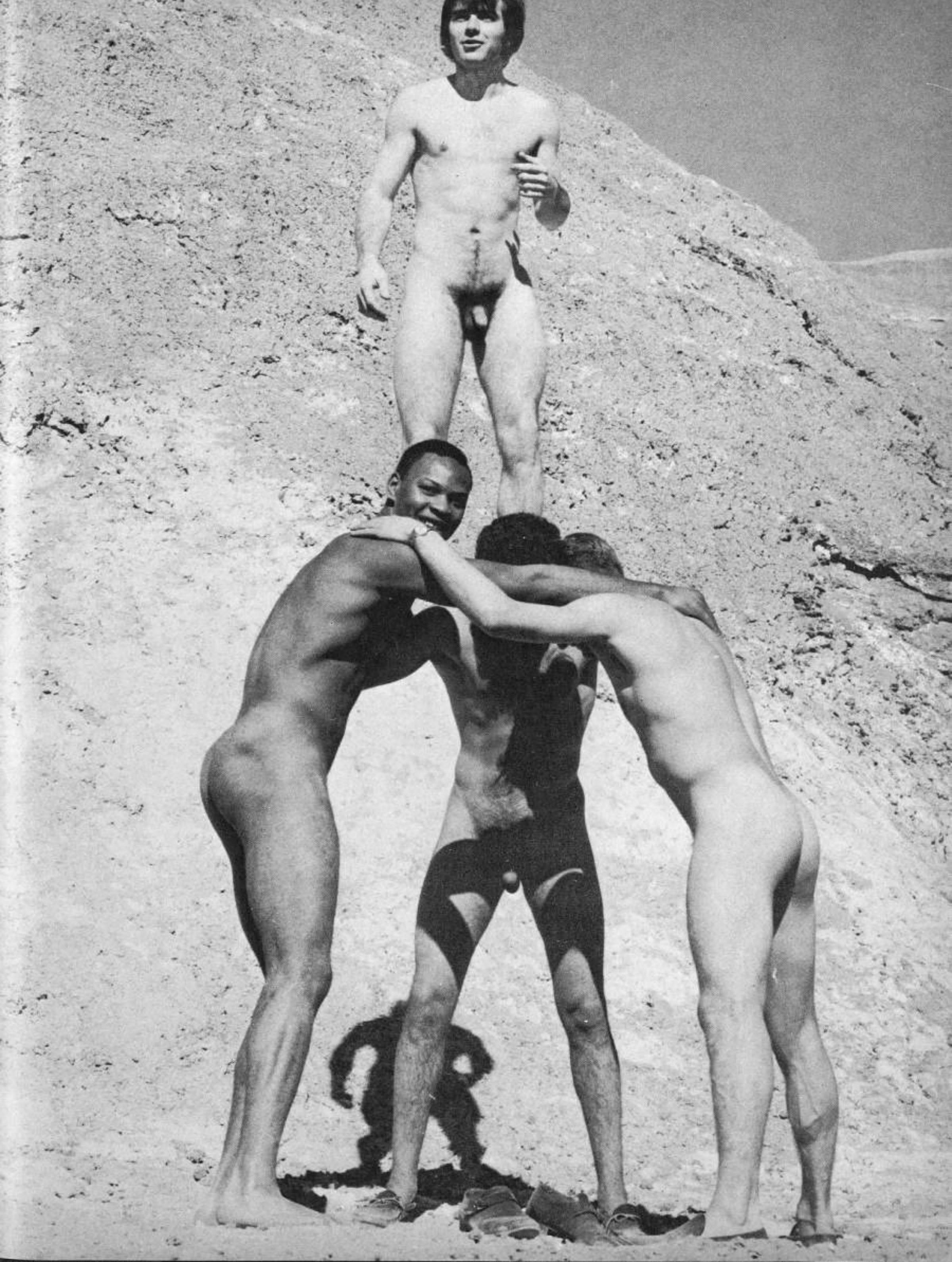






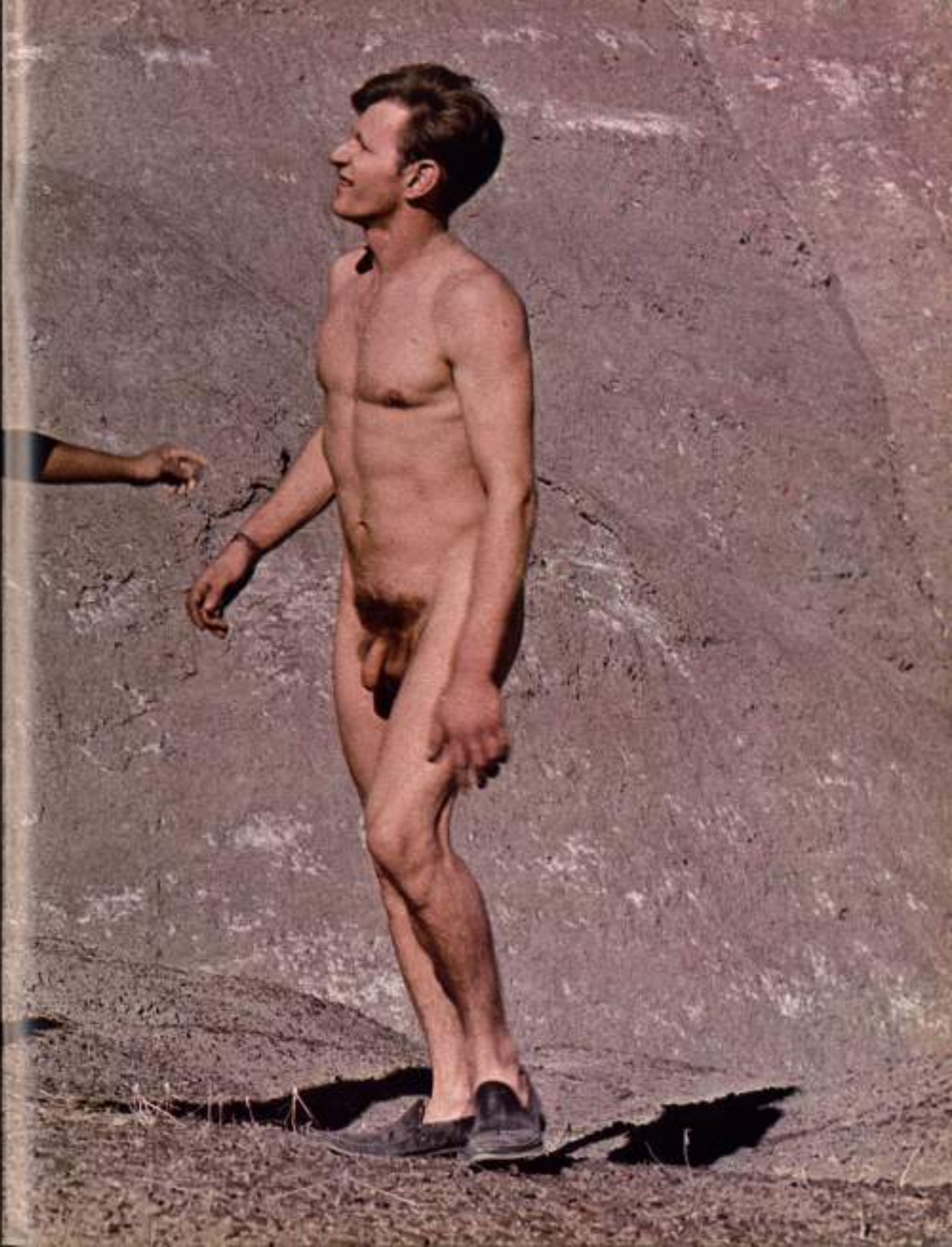










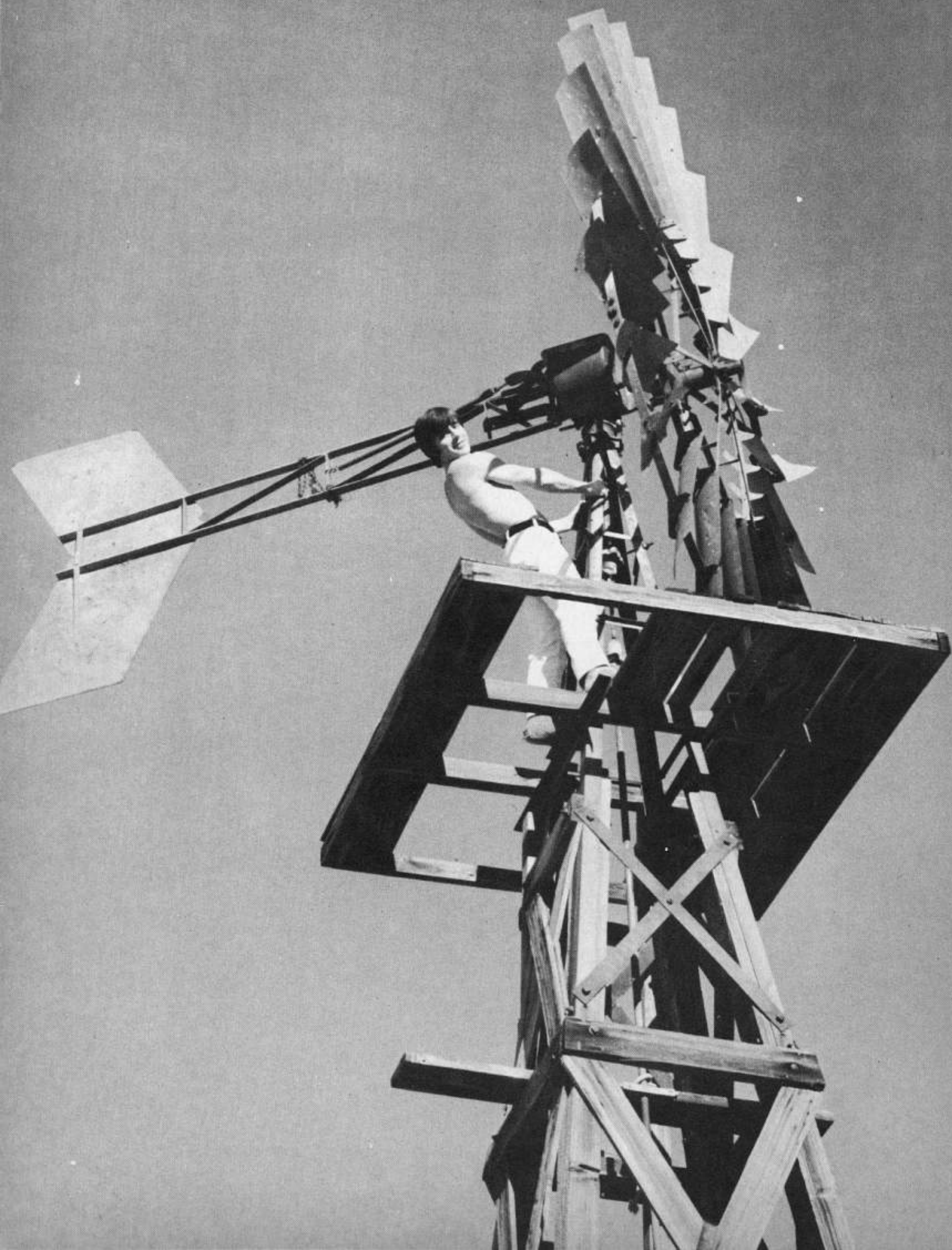


Some hours later, the four kids pad exultantly back down the broad, flat slopes of the peak they have conquered, to investigate the ruins of an abandoned hill farm and windmill they have spotted from their high vantage point.





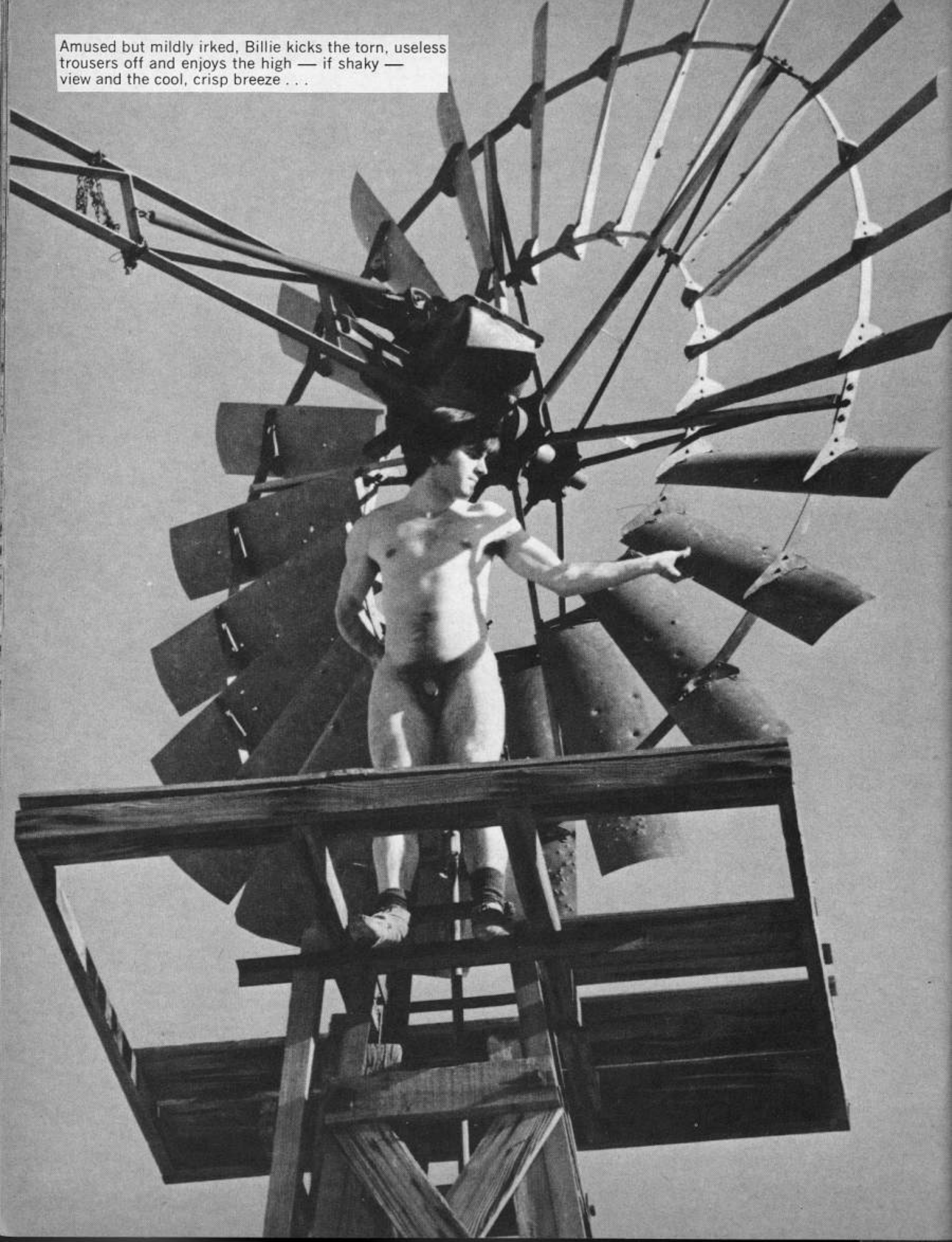
Billie sets out to climb the shaky old windmill, first donning his trousers and mocassins to guard against splinters and nailheads en route to the top.



But his belt and fly are ripped open anyway on the rusty old vanes of the mill and his pants — to the great amusement of all below — drop precipitately to his ankles.



Amused but mildly irked, Billie kicks the torn, useless trousers off and enjoys the high — if shaky — view and the cool, crisp breeze . . .

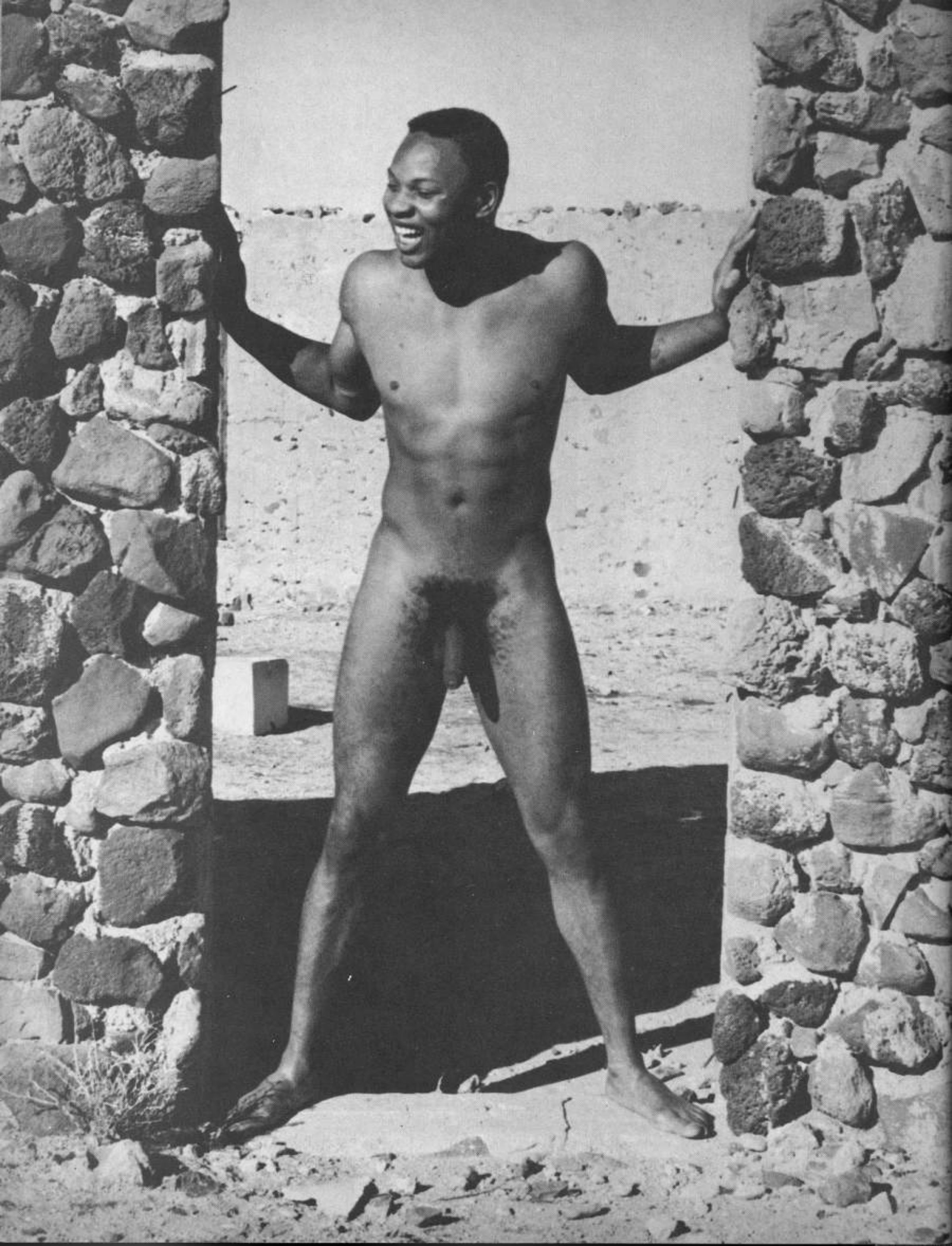


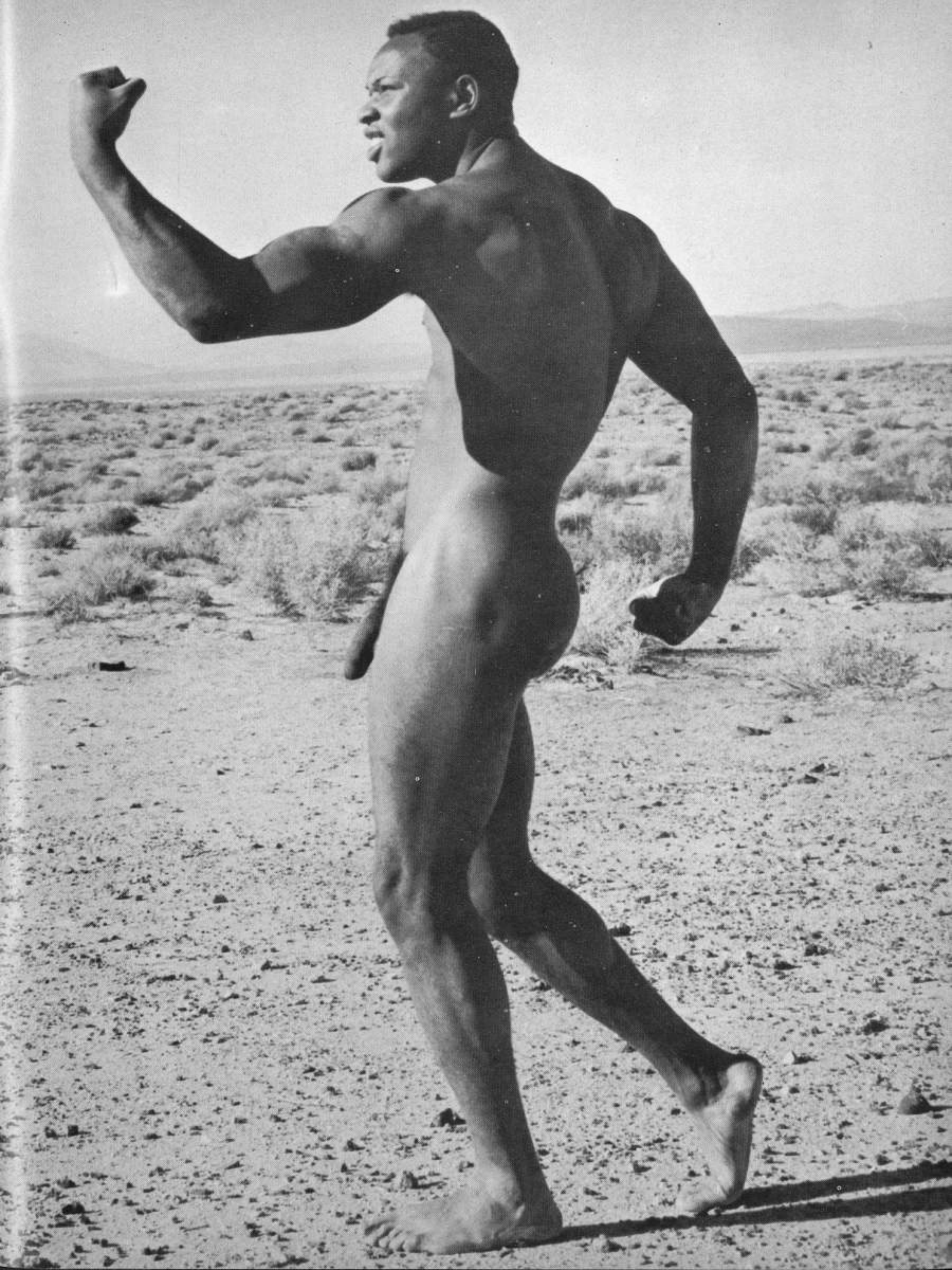


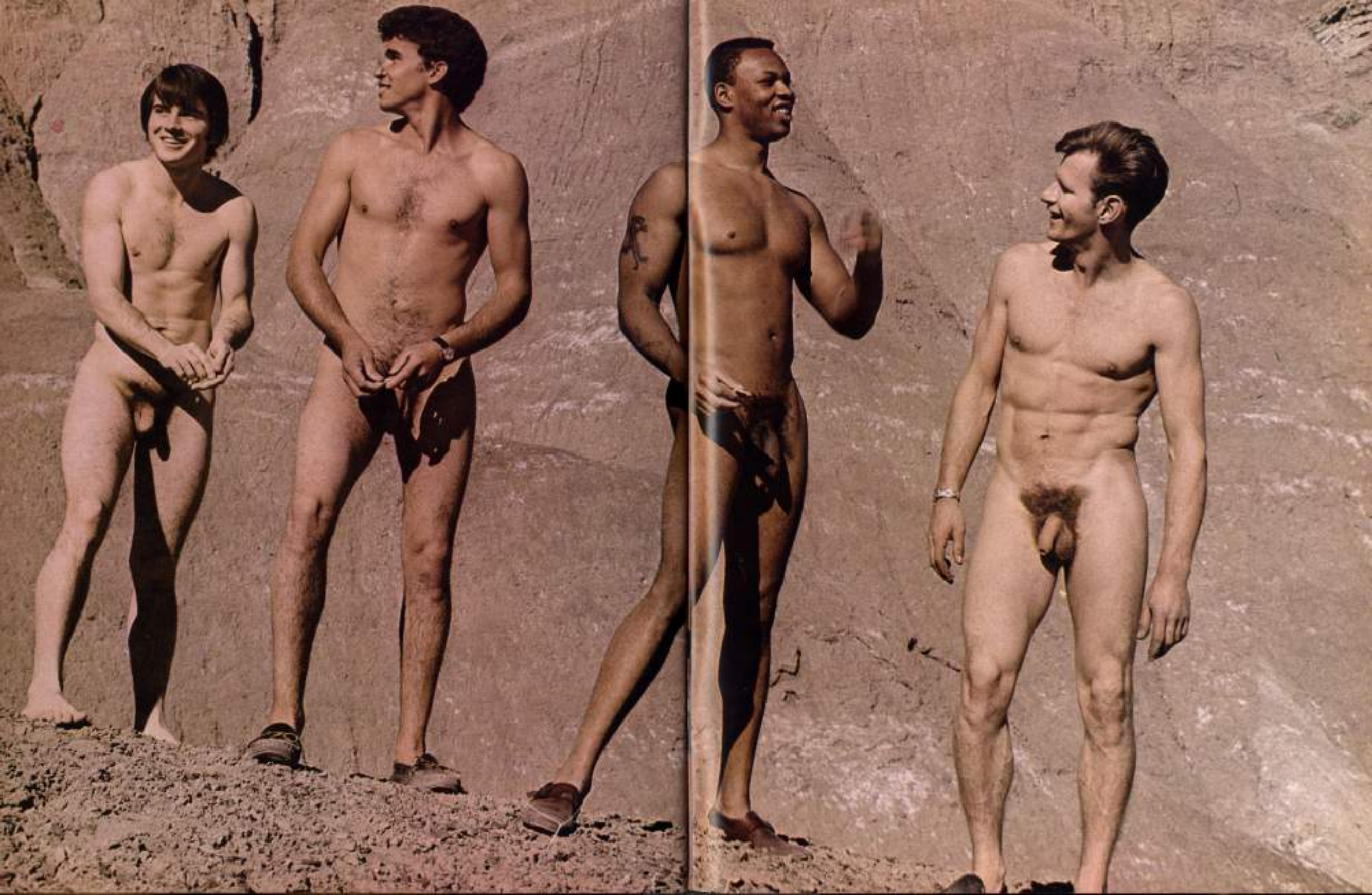
Looking around the ruins of the farmhouse, the four Young Nakers continue their desultory work-outs, separately and together, and even try a reckless sprint over the tops of the old walls . . .

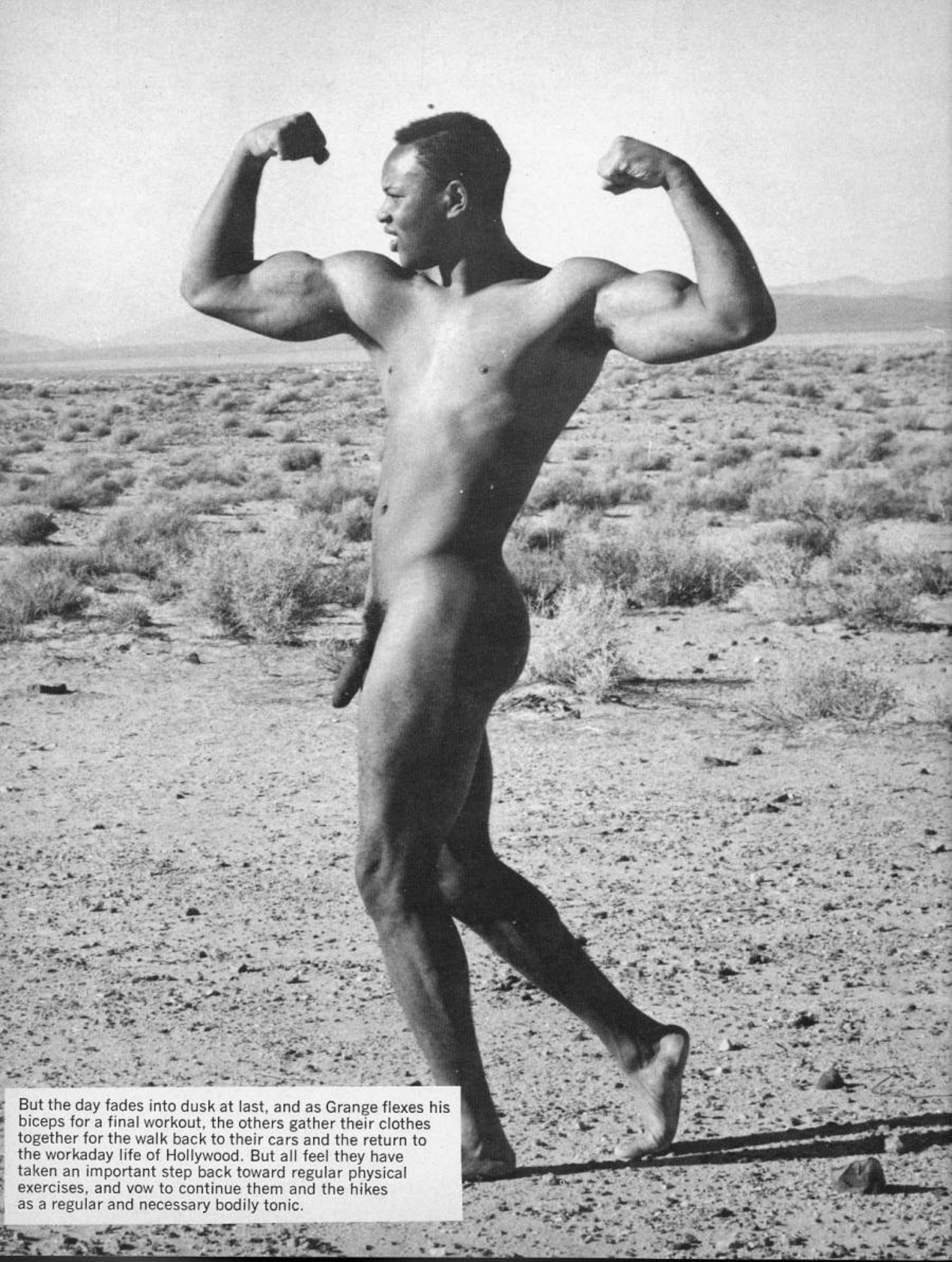












But the day fades into dusk at last, and as Grange flexes his biceps for a final workout, the others gather their clothes together for the walk back to their cars and the return to the workaday life of Hollywood. But all feel they have taken an important step back toward regular physical exercises, and vow to continue them and the hikes as a regular and necessary bodily tonic.



